



POPERY

AND

PUSEYISM:

BEING TWO DISCOURSES

Prepared agreeable to a Resolution of the Synod of Pittsburgh of 1843; and preached before that Body, at Pittsburgh, September, 1844.

BY THE

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REV. DOCTORS GREEN AND MAGILL.

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THE
RIGHT OF
PRIVATE JUDGMENT:
OR,
FREEDOM OF INDIVIDUAL
OPINION AND BELIEF.
A SERMON,

Preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh,
on the Evening of Friday, 20th Sept. 1844:

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BY L. W. GREEN,

PROFESSOR WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

"I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."
1ST CORINTHIANS 10, 15.

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THE RIGHT OF

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

IN every great conflict for the mastery of the world, which has deeply stirred the minds of men, and widely influenced the destiny of the race, the *real* combatants have been antagonist principles; and the mightiest leaders, in the great struggles of their age, have gathered the masses around them, and wielded them at pleasure—only as the representatives, or rather the living embodiments, of the principles they loved. In that general movement of the human mind, which signalized the sixteenth century—which revolutionized the whole intellectual, moral and social condition of mankind, and gave that new impulse to the progress of the race; of which our own civil and religious institutions are at once the noblest product and happiest exemplification—the opposing principles of the contending parties were boldly and broadly emblazoned on the hostile banners. On the one side, stood forth luminously there, in bright and glorious transparency—radiant with the mingled light of earth and heaven, and shedding its benignant influence on all human interests—that fundamental principle—the basis of all pure morality and all true religion—of

all personal independence, and all national freedom—"The Right of Private Judgment"—Freedom of Individual Belief—an open Bible—a Free Press—unfettered Liberty of Thought, of Inquiry, of Discussion—for every human being, of every sect and party—for the Layman as well as for the Priest; while on the other, was engraven in gloomy capitals upon a dark back-ground—faintly illumined by the fires of the Inquisition—this portentous dogma—the favorite principle of all Despots both in Church and State—"The Supreme Authority of the Church"—"Implicit Faith—Absolute Submission"—"that most pestilential error, Liberty of Conscience"—"that pest, of all others most to be dreaded, unbridled Liberty of Opinion"—"that worst and never sufficiently to be execrated and detested Liberty of the Press,"* and "we forbid that any Layman shall ever be permitted in public or in private, to discuss the Catholic Faith; and whoever shall disregard this prohibition, let him be hung up in the halter of excommunication"—"*Laqueo Excommunicationis Innodetur.*"†

The simple annunciation of these opposing principles sufficiently indicates their origin, and bears along with it their own appropriate and ample commentary. The one, you perceive at once, is the language of Power: the other is the Claim of Right. The one is the Voice of the Priesthood—the other, the Remonstrance of the People. The one is the Echo of the Past, as it issues from those dark ages

* Literal Extracts from the Pope's Bull of 1832.

† Quoted by Dens and Bishop Hughes from Pope Alexander IV.

of Priestly Domination, Sottish Ignorance and Ghostly Superstition. The other is the Living Voice of the awakening intelligence of Europe, as the night of centuries rolls away, and the morning of a new, and higher, and holier civilization beams upon their eyes. One is thundered from the Vatican; is muttered from the dungeons of the Inquisition; is enforced at the point of the Imperial Bayonet. The other is the loud shout of emancipated millions, as their fetters drop away—as they look around on this fair earth, and above, at this broad sky—and with mysterious wonder and delight, on the unsealed volume of Revelation—and in the consciousness of new-born vigor and newly-discovered rights—exclaim, all together, “Oh! no! It cannot be! We too are MEN; and God never made these free souls of ours to be the bondslaves of the Priesthood; the blind recipients of their dogmas, or the abject registers of their decrees!” It is the mighty outburst of those electric thoughts which had been gathering long, and blackening silently in the minds of men, and only waited for a fit conductor, to discharge their accumulated thunders on the high places of Idolatry and Sin, and startle those self-constituted Lords of the faith and the consciences of men, from their long and guilty dream of Universal Dominion. Here, then, is the great question for the country and for the age, the *question of questions*, for ourselves and our children, which, for the next fifty years, shall arouse the energies of the mightiest minds; in the light or the gloom of which, all inferior questions shall be swallowed up; before whose overwhelming

energy and absorbing interest, all minor interests shall be forgotten, and all the barriers of Sect and Party disappear; the only question, indeed, in which we all alike are interested: "Whether man—rational, immortal, accountable man, created in God's image and redeemed by the blood of His Son—does possess the right, and the duty too, to read, think, inquire, reason, judge, decide—freely and independently for himself—in all that concerns his present welfare and eternal destiny; or whether he has been, indeed, consigned, in God's mysterious wisdom, to Lords, spiritual and temporal, by right of immemorial succession and legitimate consecration, for the guardianship of his temporal and eternal interests?"

You perceive, then, that there is a great gulf between us—immeasurable—unfathomable—that the difference between these fundamental principles, thus arrayed in direct and undisguised antagonism, extends beyond any mere difference of individual doctrines or even of a whole class of doctrines, and reaches the very foundations of human opinion—the very basis of human belief itself. On the one side, it is "Absolute Authority;" on the other, "Rational Conviction." It goes far beyond the interpretation of any one passage, or any class of passages in God's word, and touches the very right to read and interpret that word at all. Nay, in the wide sweep of the broad and universal propositions, which they severally affirm, it overleaps the mere boundaries of theological discussion; stretches over the whole wide domain of human thought; cuts through and through the whole

of human interests and human destiny; reaches the very springs of moral agency and the foundation of human rights; and involves all that is dearest to the citizen and the freeman as well as to the Christian. It is to this wider aspect of the general subject that we propose to direct our inquiries this evening.

And here, on the very threshold of our argument, we are met by the same strange and almost ludicrous phenomenon, which reappears again and again in the history of human folly; where some stupendous absurdity is found to be, not only false, but suicidal; and denies itself in the very terms of its enunciation. Thus: the universal sceptic, who denies the reality of all truth, denies, at the same time, the truth of his own proposition; which, if true, is manifestly false, and only by being a falsehood, could possibly be true. The man who denies the reality of his own existence, denies, at the same time, the reality of the proposition which he utters. So that the very words of the assertion necessarily involve the denial of the thing asserted. Very similar is the condition of one who denies the right of private Judgment; the free exercise of man's rational and immortal powers, in their largest meaning and widest scope; and then attempts, by *reasoning*, to sustain the denial. For the very attempt to defend his proposition is a deliberate abandonment of the whole; an exercise of the very right he has just denied; an appeal to the Private Judgment he had rejected; a recognition of the tribunal he had denounced. He is forced to assert what he denies, and deny what he asserts; and

the larger the range of his inquiries, the vaster the accumulation of his knowledge, the more luminous the track of his mind, as he urges onward with gigantic energy this stupendous paradox, the more conclusive the refutation of himself. Magnificent reasoning, indeed, against the right of reasoning! Forcible appeals to our private judgment, to prove that no such appeal should be ever made; or if made, ever for a moment entertained! Plausible quotations, forsooth, from the Bible, which *he had read*, (else he quotes it as a parrot, without professing to ascertain its meaning,) to prove that you and I should never read it! Quotations from the Bible, to prove that it is not the rule of a Christian's faith, and therefore ought not to be quoted at all, as conclusive testimony in any argument. Powerful appeals to our own UNDERSTANDING and INTERPRETATION of the Bible, which he quotes, for the purpose of proving, that we have neither the power nor the right to understand or interpret the Bible for ourselves at all. It is as if some ingenious madman, endeavoring to persuade us that we have no power of vision, should hold a lighted flambeau near our eyes, and failing in his effort, should kindle a mighty conflagration, or prepare a brilliant display of fire-works, and delighted with the glare and splendor of the exhibition, should exclaim, in his maniac folly, "Surely now, at least, you are convinced—you *must all see* that you *cannot see!*" while to us, each vivid flash of light, and each mounting volume of flame, only called into more active exercise, and awakened to keener consciousness, the very faculty whose existence he

denies while proving it; and whose exercise he at the same moment both invites and forbids—stimulates and denounces. Whatever else may be doubtful, this at least is manifest. My very appearance amongst you, this evening, for the discussion of an important subject, acknowledges thus much: that you have the power to hear, and the right to exercise that power. But does it not equally acknowledge, that you have the power to investigate, and the right to judge? Surely it were the very mockery of reason, to say you have the right to hear, but not to understand; to investigate, but not to decide. Thus every step upon the field of reasoning abandons the ground of authority. Else reason were no more reason, and authority were no more authority.

This inextricable dilemma, in which they are thus involved—this indissoluble connection between the right to reason and the right to judge—the right to investigate, and the right to decide—the right to read, and to interpret what we read, has been distinctly recognized by the advocates of Absolute Authority. And hence, Free Discussion is not only discountenanced abroad, but even in this free land of ours, is visited with all the terrors of excommunication here; and all the horrors of eternal fire hereafter. In the year 1832, a petty Italian Despot, who unites in his own person all temporal and spiritual power, the present Pope Gregory XVI issued this papal Bull, to all his subjects throughout the world—including the United States—in which he selects as the objects of his especial denunciation, every principle which lies at the basis

of our Political and Social Institutions—the Freedom of the Press—Liberty of Opinion—and commends, with earnest eulogy, the union of Church and State, and the burning of heretical books, in this emphatic language: “Nor can the materials of error be otherwise destroyed than by the *Flames*, which consume the depraved elements of evil.”

This strange ebullition of folly and ignorance, singularly blended with fanatical insolence and malignity, was met with one universal burst of indignation and contempt. From Maine to Florida the nation was aroused—and through the Press—from the Pulpit—in the popular assembly—wherever men met for private intercourse or public consultation—the voice of an outraged public sentiment was heard—mingled with playful sarcasm and bitter derision. Some Catholic young men of New York, stung by the keen invectives of the Press—goaded by the perpetual jeers of their Protestant companions—perhaps, warmed by the fresh air of Freedom, that breathed all around them, and deluded with the belief, that in this free land, they too were free—resolved to establish a society for the investigation and discussion of religious truth—and thus to erect in the city of New York—before the eyes of all men—a living monument of the freedom which exists in the Catholic Church—and a refutation, through all coming time, of Protestant misrepresentations. In the Catholic Diary of Oct. 1st, 1836, appeared a notice of the formation and objects of this society: and a letter from Bishop HUGHES on the same subject, in the Truth Teller of the following week. Does this Chris-

tian Bishop hail with joy these first symptoms of awakening intelligence and inquiry amongst his people? Does he rejoice to find that the youth of his flock are turning their feet away from the play-house—the ball-room—the fashionable gaieties and frivolous amusements—the dark and terrible temptations of that crowded and luxurious city—and now, at length, are beginning to ponder those great and eternal themes, that alone deserve the highest energies of our immortal spirit, and elevate and purify and enlarge the soul, that comes into contact with them? Does he cheer them by his applauding voice? Does he “point the path to truth, and lead the way?” Far otherwise. He denounces the society with unmeasured severity—derides their generous love of knowledge—castigates the Editor, who had dared to approve their object, and prohibits absolutely all discussion, except to the Priesthood. Hear how a Bishop dares to speak in these United States, and in the nineteenth century:

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC DIARY :

“In the Catholic Diary of Saturday last, October 1st, I find a notice from you of a society, calling itself the New York Catholic Society, for the promotion of religious knowledge. Of the existence of that society, I was utterly ignorant, and feel surprised that you, WHO OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER, would think of encouraging and drawing public attention to such a society, without!”—

Without what? Without a serious consideration of the consequences? Without a calm conviction of duty? Is there a Catholic freeman in this house,

who has escaped from the civil and ecclesiastical tyranny of Europe, and has hoped in this blessed land, to find an elysium of freedom—I ask him to answer, without what? “Without first ascertaining the sentiments of your ordinary” or Bishop. “The church in the most positive manner, prohibits all laymen from entering into dispute on points of religion with sectarians—“*Inhibemus*,” says Pope Alexander IV., “*ne unquam Laicae Personae liceat publice vel private de fide Catholica disputare; qui vero contradixerit, excommunicationis laqueo innodetur.*” “We forbid,” says Pope Alexander IV., “that any layman should ever be allowed in public or in private, to discuss the Catholic faith; and whosoever shall disregard this prohibition, let him be hung up in the halter of excommunication.” Had you recollected this sentence, I am sure you would be far from calling on the Catholic young men of this city to become members of a debating society on religious subjects, open to so many serious objections.

JOHN, Bishop of New York.”

And how was this letter received? Was not the American spirit aroused at last? Did not the hot blood boil in the veins of these American youth, at such insolent dictation? Never did scourged spaniel crouch and whine and fawn upon the foot, that spurned him—with more abject submission—than did these independent youth and this free press, bow before the will of this foreign emissary of a foreign Despot. And what is the magic influence, which thus, at the distance of 3000 miles, can silence the press and stifle the voices, and

even paralyze the free thoughts of American citizens? It is the old decree of a foreign monarch, long since dead and buried and rotten in his grave, and written in a language even, which has died out from among the languages of living men. But though the Pope may die—the Bull never dies. This lives on the same, unchanged, unchangeable, perpetuating from age to age, and from land to land, the same dark decrees of Arbitrary Power—still

“The same wild Bull

Which Priests and Demagogues let loose

To toss our Laws and Liberties in the air.”

Again: the Right of Private Judgment—the unfettered exercise of our rational faculties, on every question that concerns our temporal or eternal welfare—the right to think, reason, examine, weigh, judge, decide freely for ourselves, is involved in the very possession of these faculties. Just as the right to see, hear, move, breathe, is involved in the power to perform these several operations. For these powers are bestowed, either that they may be exercised or may lie dormant. If that they may be exercised, then the right is commensurate with the power, and the duty co-extensive with the right—so that he who interferes with either is guilty at once of cruel injustice towards man, and daring impiety against God—injustice to man, since he denies a right, which God has bestowed; and forbids a duty, which God enjoins—and impiety against God, since he thus thwarts, as far as human power can do it, the high designs of His Infinite Beneficence. The right to think includes the

whole process of thought; from the commencement to the close; from the first rude materials of thought, to the finished product; from the first simple facts, which constitute the elements of some subordinate proposition, to the remote and ultimate conclusion, which crowns the summit of some high fabric of reasoning. The simple right to think, therefore, includes all for which we contend; for surely, it were too absurd to acknowledge the right to think, and yet deny the right to reason, which is only consecutive thought; to admit the right to reason, and yet deny the right to decide—or draw conclusions, which is one of its component parts. Yet this ultimate conclusion of the mind, in view of all the premises, is our Private Judgment. Should any still question us concerning the source of this right, and the warrant to exercise it, our answer is brief and direct. We point him upward to God, and inward to the wonders of our own bosom; and tell him, the origin is *there*. The warrant is *here*. Suppose some one should seek to draw a veil over the outward eye of the body, as well as the inward vision of the soul, and shut out from our view, the beauties and glories of God's works, as well as the wonders of His word, and then deny our right to see them: what would be our reply? Would we go to the Digest of the Statutes? Would we point to some decision of our Courts? Would we invoke the testimony of the Fathers? Would we not tell him to his face, in language brief, bold and unanswerable too, "the RIGHT to see is included in the POWER to see; the God who gave us eyes, gave us the right to use

them. You demand our Bill of Rights: behold! there it is in the autograph of Heaven—written by the finger of the Almighty.” But surely if the structure of the eye, the beautiful and harmonious adaptation of all its parts to the purposes of vision, be God’s Charter of Rights for the exercise of vision, the argument is still more conclusive from the structure of the mind—by so much more conclusive, by how much its structure is more wonderful, its adaptations more various; its powers more transcendent; its dignity more exalted; its destiny, in all respects, unspeakably more glorious. Rightly considered indeed, this is the highest of all possible evidence. Were it thundered to us from the Heavens above; were it echoed back from the depths of the abyss; were it flashed upon us in the forked lightning; were it whispered to us by the winds of the evening; were it muttered in the midnight tempest; were it engraved on the mountain’s side; were it written in letters of living fire upon the broad canopy above us; were it blazed and pealed upon us in dazzling and deafening grandeur from the whole universe around, yet the evidence could not be half so direct, so intimate, so irresistible. For behold it is here—it is stamped upon our very existence; it is interwoven with all the elements of our being; it is imbedded in the constitution of our nature; it is a necessary part in every thought and feeling—nay, it would be presupposed in the very revelations designed to confirm it. Since all these wonders in the Heavens and on the Earth, however luminous or loud, could only convince us when understood, and only be

understood when interpreted aright—and this interpretation would be the exercise of Private Judgment—which throws us back at last on this, as an ultimate law of our nature, mingling with and presupposed in every mental operation, and thus rising both in its evidence and its importance, to the dignity of an intuitive principle or necessary truth.

Again: if this right of Private Judgment be not ours, then *no other* RIGHT existing, possible or conceivable, remains for man: for this is of all human rights, the clearest, the most intimate, the most indisputable—earlier than all others, independent of all others—upon which all beside are founded; and from which, as moral and logical corollaries, they do necessarily spring. The right of property is only a secondary right, resulting from the rights of labor; and this is but another name for our right to the exercise and the products of that material machinery of muscles, bones and sinews, which we call *our own and not ourselves*. Now it is curious to observe that our right of ownership in our bodies even, is not only secondary in relation to an anterior and far higher right; but is extremely transient, even when compared with our property in other things. The house, which is yours to-day, fifty years hence MAY still be yours—but the evanescent title, which you hold in that mass of matter, which constitutes your body, will long before have disappeared. Each particle will have sought some new and separate combination, and gone to mingle with the universe of things. The source and centre, then, of all human rights—whence all originate and whither all converge, is the immor-

tal soul of man, and union with this, has given to the body a participation of its rights. But surely the rights of the soul can mean nothing less than the untrammelled exercise of all its various powers. He, then, who strikes at this, not only wounds the first and dearest of human rights, but aims a death blow at the whole. He who surrenders this at the bidding of another, not only is prepared to surrender, but has in the very act surrendered every other right, and is traitor, with a four-fold treachery, to the God who bestowed these invaluable rights, and committed them as a precious deposit to his guardianship—to the country that guarantees them to him, all unworthy as he is—and the blood of our dead fathers so freely shed in their defence—to his own high powers and exalted destiny—to the present and future generations—to the whole race of man. For in this great battle of the world, he has not merely spiked the cannon confided to his care, but has turned its fire on the advancing columns of his friends. He has not only fled in unmanly cowardice from the post he was appointed to defend, but has betrayed it to the foe. He has abandoned not only the out-works, but the fortress of freedom itself, and received the enemy into the very heart of the citadel.

Here, then, is a new tyranny, such as the sun never shone upon before; a tyranny so subtle in its slow advances; so terrible in the awful mystery of its unfathomable resources, that in comparison with it, every other form of oppression, which the world hath witnessed, might well aspire to the name of perfect freedom. There was a time when

we could proudly boast, that "the mind is its own place." Amidst all the abounding tyranny and oppression in the world—the violence, the cruelty, the blood-shed, we have consoled ourselves with the thought, that there is even upon earth one spot secure from all invasion—which no human power can approach, no human scrutiny can penetrate, no tyranny of man can awe—which all the embattled powers of the globe, with their combined artillery, could never storm—but the Almighty himself hath shielded it against all human assaults, and barriered it around against all human intrusion, and veiled it from human espionage, and thrown it aloof from all outward collision, amidst the invisibilities of His own eternity—that He who throneth amidst those invisibilities, might there erect His awful throne, and there reveal His presence, and stretch over it the sceptre of His power, and utter his high commands, and make it a sanctuary for himself—and man, in the sacredness of that secure retreat, might be alone with God, where no human power could rush in between the soul and its Creator. This sanctuary is the human bosom; and secure amidst its impenetrable secrecies, the soul of man hath bid defiance to every other form of tyranny; hath smiled at the dungeon and the chains; hath exulted on the gibbet and at the stake; "seen death in all its forms, and scorned them all"—nay, the very dungeon, where the imprisoned patriot or Christian, hath been pinioned down with heavy chains to the cold, hard floor, has been converted into a temple for God's worship—and the flames, which consumed the martyr's body, have been a

chariot of fire to his ascending spirit, as he mounted aloft in rapture to the bosom of his God. But here is a dark and mysterious power, which enters this God-ordained and God-consecrated sanctuary, and profanes its sanctity—storms this last stronghold of human freedom—dashes down its battlements, drags forth its awful secrets at the Confessional, and throws over the immortal soul itself, its paralyzing and degrading fetters. Even the southern slave *may be* a freeman. You may brand his brow, but it is only skin deep—no deeper than his color, and cannot touch the soul. The chains that bind his brawny limbs, may leave the mind unfettered; and amidst all outward bondage, he may be the freeman, whom “Christ makes free”—but here is a tyranny, whose brand burns deep into the inmost soul; whose fetters bind the free thoughts as they rise, and reaching all the faculties, degrade and paralyze the whole. For the mind of man is a unit. You cannot degrade it in one respect and retain its dignity in another. The man who will crouch before a priest, will quail before a tyrant—and he who has surrendered his mental independence at the bidding of another, and wears the fetters on his soul—he who hath bowed down beneath the yoke of such a bondage, hath stooped to the depth of such ineffable degradation, has nothing left to lose, and is a fit instrument of the same fearful power to fasten the same ignominious fetters upon others.

But there are relations of far wider compass—far deeper significance, far loftier, holier, more solemn and more sacred interest, than all that can be

comprehended in the enumeration of political rights—relations that link us with the great universe of moral beings, and render us intelligent and accountable subjects of God's moral government, and by that unchanging and terrible connection which God hath established of all with all, the blow which is aimed at the rights of thought, strikes deeper—to the very springs of moral agency, and severs the bonds of all human obligation. For **DUTY** and **RIGHT** are correlative terms, and there can be no duty, without a correspondent right; (for surely I have a right to perform my duty.) But the right to perform a duty, involves by unavoidable consequence, all that is necessary to its intelligent and appropriate performance, the employment of all the means and the exercise of all the powers requisite to ascertain our duty—the knowledge of the relations, on which it is based; the scrutiny of the evidence by which it is sustained; of the authority by which it is enjoined; the motives, by which it is urged; the exercise, in fine, of all our rational powers, in their fullest meaning and largest scope; from the minutest induction of particular facts to the widest sweep of a lofty and comprehensive generalization. Now duty—moral obligation—is intensely individual—personal, presses directly on the conscience—lies between man and his God. It is mine, and cannot be transferred to another. No man can love God or his fellow man by proxy. But this moral obligation is itself the compound result of the relations we bear, and the faculties we possess adapted to those relations. Duty is ours only, because the relations and capabilities from

which it springs, are ours. Annihilate these relations, and obligation ceases: destroy these powers or suspend their exercise, and obligation is equally at an end. Transfer to another the exercise of these powers on my behalf, and you transfer along with them all the resulting obligations. In assuming to himself, the exercise for me of those rational powers, from which my moral obligation arises, he deliberately assumes my responsibilities and duties, and as far as his power extends, strips me at once of the dignity and responsibilities of a moral agent. Hence it is not by fortuitous connection, but by necessary sequence, that the power which claims to dictate our faith, claims likewise to pardon sin—that she, who suspends the exercise of Private Judgment, suspends likewise the exercise of individual conscience, and assumes to abrogate the most solemn obligations, even though confirmed by the awful sanctity of an oath. Hence that horrible union of devotion and crime; of piety and blood, so common in papal lands. Hence the Spanish assassin consecrates himself by attendance on high mass, for his deeds of blood. The Italian robber wears near his heart, the image of the Virgin. The courtesan of Naples worships with devout affection, her patron saint. For salvation, without the necessity of personal holiness, is a necessary counterpart to faith without the trouble of personal inquiry. Thus the subjugation of the intellect leads directly to the extinction of conscience. Stupendous absurdities naturally beget stupendous crimes: and the darkest secrets of the Confessional are but the necessary result of those

portentous dogmas, which first challenge our belief and then decline our scrutiny—first revolt our reason and then denounce our reason because it has been revolted—for the poison which hath palsied the brain, deadens the heart and stupifies the conscience; and the light of reason and of the moral sense are extinguished together.

Again, this right of Private Judgment, which is thus implied, and exercised in every act of reasoning, which is interwoven with the whole structure of our minds—which is the earliest and dearest of human rights, and the basis of all the rest, and indispensable to the existence of a moral agent—is distinctly recognized in that great charter of human equality and human rights, the BIBLE—is enjoined again and again, both by precept and example—nay, like the existence of God himself, is presupposed, as an admitted and necessary truth, upon every page of the sacred record. Peter, you know, according to the teaching of our adversaries, was the first Pope of Rome. Now, since the days of Peter, there have been many Popes of exceedingly various characters. Some of them, perhaps, pious and worthy men; others, by universal admission, prodigies of crime—monsters in human shape—impure, licentious, beastly, treacherous, steeped in sensuality and blood. Each of these Popes likewise in his day has issued his Bull or circular letters, for the instruction and warning of the faithful—from the first epistle general of Peter to the last encyclical letter of Pope Gregory XVI. beneath whose happy reign, we heretics are permitted as yet to breathe. These letters too are all

written in a dead language, and need to be translated into the vulgar tongue. Now is it not a singular fact, that all the letters of all the Popes, from the beginning to the present time—even the vilest of the vile, who have desolated nations by their ambition, and disgraced our nature by their crimes—all may be read by the people in their own mother tongue, until you come back to that great Apostle, who alone among them all wrote by divine inspiration—and from whom all derive their apostolic dignity and power? Is it not a curious circumstance that Protestants alone cherish with affection, and love to read the encyclical letters of Pope Peter, and are publishing them abroad by millions for the instruction of the world? But why are all men permitted thus to read the letters of the Popes? The question lies upon the surface—but the answer cuts deep into the vitals, and lays bare to the commonest observer, the very heart of this great controversy. Because they were written for the very purpose that they might be read—written for the instruction and warning of God's people—addressed to the faithful throughout the world; and even monkish stupidity has never yet ascended that pinnacle of folly as to propose that one should gravely write a letter for the benefit of mankind, send it abroad throughout the world, and then forbid mankind to read it. Now, precisely such letters are those of Peter the first Pope of Rome: the first and second epistles general, or circular letters of Peter, addressed not to the Bishops or Priesthood, but to the people, all the faithful scattered throughout Pontus, Cappadocia, &c. The same is true of

all the apostolic epistles to the different churches, Gallatians, Thessalonians, Corinthians, &c. They are addressed not to the Bishops, but to the people—and written in the language of the people, to whom they were addressed. St. Paul's epistle to the Romans too, was it not addressed to the whole church in Rome, to be read by every individual, in a language understood by every one who could read at all? Is it not a strange procedure then, that the very epistle which St. Paul wrote by divine inspiration for the benefit of the church at Rome, this Roman church is not permitted to read at all? Surely it is worse than folly to write me a letter which it is a sin for me to read. Is it not passing strange that the church of Rome is the only church on earth whose members dare not read the epistle to the Romans, and the church which is founded on St. Peter, the only one which forbids the letters of St. Peter?

The Bible is and has ever been emphatically the book of the people; designed for the people—addressed originally to the people, and adapted pre-eminently for their instruction. We have seen that this is true of the Epistles. It is manifest with equal evidence concerning every other portion of the Bible. The laws of Moses for instance (with a few exceptions) were designed to regulate the civil and ecclesiastical relations, and moral duties of the people; were addressed to them as a nation, in their own language; were read consecutively at the Synagogues, in the people's tongue; and an intimate acquaintance with the sacred history and sacred jurisprudence, was enjoined on

every Israelite, as his most incumbent duty. When the Prophets warned the people of God's coming wrath ; rebuked them for their sin, or cheered them with the hope of "the glory hereafter to be revealed ;" was it not in the people's language, in the people's ears, and to the people's understandings, that their inspired warnings and exhortations were addressed ? And he, the last and greatest of all the Prophets, who closed in his own person, with stern and lofty dignity, that illustrious line of God-inspired instructors ; the strange and gifted man that issued from the Wilderness of Judea, with his raiment of Camel's hair and leathern girdle, and with all, a Prophet's zeal and energy, denounced the corruptions of his day ; was it not to the people that he came ? Did not all Jerusalem, and Judea,* and all the region round about Jordan, gather to his ministry ; and when the Scribes and Pharisees, the teachers of the law and keepers of the consciences of the people, came—how did he salute them ? "Oh, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" The Miracles, the Parables, the Sermons—the divine instructions of our Saviour—were they not addressed directly to the people, in their own presence, and in their mother tongue ? And when that Man of Sorrows once rejoiced, and poured forth his overflowing joy in language of gratitude to God, was not this the source of his grateful exultation, that the humblest of all his children could comprehend and enjoy the loftiest Revelations of his Love—"I thank thee, Oh Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the

wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes!" Few of his words were addressed to the Priesthood of his day, and these were daggers. "Oh, generation of vipers," "Blind leaders of the blind," "Ye are of your father the devil," "Ye hypocrites! well did Isaiah prophesy of you," "Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

Suppose now that one of those devoted lovers of the Saviour, who had hung with wrapt attention on his lips—at the Sea of Galilee, or upon Mount Olivet—till each word of wisdom, as it fell burning on his heart, was engraven indelibly upon his memory, had been told that it was criminal to remember what it had been a duty and a blessedness to hear; and hearing, to love; and loving, it was impossible to forget? What would be his wonder? But suppose that he had transferred to paper, for the instruction of his children or his friends, the record of those glorious truths, whose living impression still glowed and beamed in joy upon his own bosom, would it not be absurd to say that it was criminal for them to read with the eye of the body; what it was right for him to contemplate with the eye of the understanding and by the light of memory? But behold we have the same instructions recorded by the pen of inspiration, and their perfect accuracy vouched by the infallibility of God himself; and does not that doctrine sink even beneath the dignity of contempt, which gravely teaches, that the very instructions which it was right for him to hear; and hearing, to love; and loving, to remember; and remembering, to record; it is criminal for us to read, when recorded by

Infinite Wisdom and vouched by Infinite Veracity. BUT WE SAID THE BIBLE IS ADAPTED TO THE PEOPLE, AS WELL AS DESIGNED FOR THEM, and we are bold to assert, that apart altogether from any question as to its inspiration, there is not in the whole circle of ancient or modern literature, a single work which can for a moment be compared with it, as a manual of popular instruction, as a book for the people, adapted alike to every period of life, and every condition of human society. Its simple narrative, its lofty poetry, its instructive history, its pathetic eloquence, its ingenious parables, its touching portraitures of nature and of human character, its pure morality, its exalted and spiritual religion, its majestic doctrines, so simple in their majesty, that like their divine and glorious author, who filleth immensity with his presence, and the heaven of heaven's cannot contain him, yet condescendeth to dwell in the bosom of the humble and contrite one, even so these wonderful revelations, though touching the loftiest themes, though comprehending all time and all eternity in their immense survey, though fitted to expand an archangel's bosom, and employ a seraph's tongue of fire, may hover in softened radiance around the head, and gently nestle with soothing tenderness in the heart of infancy itself! Who of us has not wept at the story of Joseph; who has not been elevated by the grandeur of Isaiah; who has not melted at the tenderness of David; and where is the heart so cold that it has never "burned within him as he talked with Jesus in the Evangelists?" The Bible! Why I have read it from my earliest childhood, and never

found that it had taught me one false principle of action, one single error in doctrine, or in morals. The Bible! I learned to read it on my mother's knee. It was bathed with my father's tears, and consecrated with a double sacredness, by his dying prayers; and when that sainted mother was just ready to depart, it lay upon her dying pillow, and cheered her dying hour, as she charged me to love the Bible we had read so often, and so fondly together. Go, then, thou dark Inquisitor! if go thou must, strike from my little library—the meagre collections of my youth—each noble and each honored name—Bacon, who enlarged the boundaries of human thought; Locke, who fathomed the mysteries of the human spirit; Galileo, who taught the motions of the Universe; and Milton, Patriot, Philosopher, Poet, Sage, with his glorious treatise on the rights of conscience and freedom of the Press; draw across them all, yes, all, the dark mark of *Papal Censorship*, but spare, O, spare my Bible! What should I do without my Bible? It was the instructor of my infancy, the guide of my youth, the companion and friend of my manhood, and shall it not be the solace of my declining age? And that poor Orphan Boy, who wanders homeless and fatherless in your streets, why rob him of his Bible? I never knew a boy that loved his Bible, who was not the better for it; who did not grow up to be a more upright man—a worthier citizen—a bolder freeman. Besides, is it not his birth-right?—the last possession which orphanage and poverty have left him. Did not his father or forefathers, as well as yours and

mine, fight this same battle in the great revolutionary struggle? Was it not for this above all other rights, for freedom of conscience, and liberty to read the Bible, that those venerable patriots shed their heart's blood of old? Was not this the very height and front of their indignant denunciation of British Tyranny, when on the 21st of October, 1774, in Congress assembled, in an address to the English nation, they charged on that Government the design to extend the "dominion of Canada, that their numbers, daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, may reduce this *ancient, free, Protestant Colony*, to a state of slavery, and to establish, in this country, a religion which has deluged your Island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion throughout every part of the world?" But why rob him of his Bible? Because the Popes and Cardinals of a foreign land, lodged in the palace of the Cæsars, and "arrayed in purple and fine linen," have issued their imperial decree, forbidding the Bible to their *vassals*? Because the thousands of their "Bonds-men born," drifted on the tide of foreign immigration, have left their country, but retained their principles, and dare not, even here, exercise the rights our fathers purchased for their children, and which we so freely, yet so vainly, proffer to them? And has it come to this already? That the large, free mind of this great nation can be contented within the narrow limits which priestly fanaticism, or despotic power, have prescribed to their most *abject menials*—the Catechism of the Diocese, "A Book of Arithmetic,"

"A Book of Moral Lessons"—replete with *Monkish* fables. Shall Italy be transported to these United States? Shall the same dark and bloody flag, which, more than three hundred years ago, was hung out from the Battlements of the Inquisition, and ever since has waved its gloomy folds in triumph over despotic Austria, down-trodden Italy, benighted Portugal and Spain, and semi-barbarous South America, blackening the earth with its shadow, and shutting out the blessed light of heaven, be planted here, upon the graves of our dead fathers? Why, their very bones might well rattle in their coffins, at such a profanation! The marble statues of our immortalized heroes might, without a Popish miracle, speak out from their stone bosoms, and even weep tears of blood, over their degenerate offspring. Oh, no, it cannot be! The Bible, depend upon it, lies near to the throbbing heart of this great nation. It is a sacred, tender place. Touch it not; I beseech, I entreat, I warn you, touch it not too roughly. The Bible is the basis of all our institutions; to banish it would be a revolution, not begun, but consummated; a revolution in the vital principles of our Government and our society. The very revolution predicted on the 21st of October, 1774, and by the very instrumentality which the gifted *seers* of that day foresaw in the distance, and with such prophetic sagacity announced. Then leave us our Bible; take what you will beside; if only the Bible be left, the nation may be free and happy still. Let foreign despotism pour in, by tens of thousands, upon our shores, and lead up in dense columns to our polls, her marshalled myrmi-

dons, her masses of vice and putrefaction, spared from the gallows, or vomited forth from the darkest, foulest alleys of her crowded and pestilential cities. Let some supple demagogue, borne into the highest office of our Government, upon the shoulders of a foreign Priesthood, guided by Italian chicanery, and paid with Austrian money from the *Leopold foundation*, worship the power that gave him political pre-eminence; let Jesuitical skill, in the heat of party collision, succeed, for a season, in arraying our free citizens, one against another; nay, let the fair fabric of this Government be overthrown, and our free Constitution be scattered to the winds: yet with an open Bible, and a *Free Press*, we will go forth amidst that benighted and corrupted population, and, by God's blessing, from the very ruins of *Liberty* and *Virtue*, will erect, once more, the noble edifice of our civil and religious institutions.

But again: The opposite principle leads necessarily to persecution. There can be no wrong without a correspondent right; nor can omnipotence itself guided by infinite wisdom, and urged on by boundless desire, devise any method by which it could violate a right, where there is no right existing to be violated. Hence, if I have not the right of Private Judgment, the absolute and unlimited right to reason, investigate and determine for myself, he who denies me the possession of this right and prohibits its exercise, does me no wrong; nay, if I have challenged for myself rights which are really another's, if I have assumed for my individual behoof, prerogatives which appropriately belong to the church for the common good, then am I an

usurper; and if the exercise of this assumed right is injurious at once to myself and to others, then upon every principle of moral and social obligation; in every view of the most enlarged and comprehensive philanthropy, the church and the state are not only authorized, but imperatively bound, at all hazards to the individual, and by all necessary penalties, to resist the usurpation, and to extirpate, if need be, the offender and the offence. Hence we can explain that otherwise strange and incredible contradiction, which meets us so often in the history of persecution, when the really amiable inquisitor weeps, as he hands over his victim to the gibbet or the rack; and our holy mother sometimes mingles tears with her curses upon her rebellious children. Persecution is with them a religious duty, and lies upon the conscience. Others may persecute from passion, she *must* from principle.

Hence too, that parallel phenomenon, that whenever through all time, an individual or a sect becomes tinctured, however slightly, with this portentous doctrine; from that very moment, and in that precise degree, begins the cry for blood. Thus the British Critic, the accredited organ of that non-descript sect, which originated recently in England and rejoices in the name of Dr. Pusey, that infinitesimal sub-division of the church, that fragment of a fragment of a fragment, whose ecclesiastical arithmetic, with such graceful modesty, proves it to be the whole church of Christ upon earth, that broad burlesque upon the page of history, that most ridiculous of all abortions from the womb of time, which has its head in England, its center of unity

at Rome, while its cloven feet are here, and as for the brains thereof, no human anatomy hath discovered their place as yet; that farce of farces, amidst the great world-epic and tragedy around us; that modern antique and mediaeval nineteenth century; with all the puerility of Rome, yet without her occasional grandeur, with more than all her audacity and insolence, yet without her courage or her power; the British critic, edited by the brother-in-law of Dr. Newman, the accredited organ of this most ludicrous of all the sects past, present or to come, and of all the successors of all the apostles, whose beatific presence blesses this happy land of ours—tells us as quietly now, and with as much relish too, as a tame tiger would lick the blood from off his paws, that he acknowledges a certain pleasure in the thought that innovators in religion (by which he means all who differ from himself) shall have to suffer for their opinions.

And now, had we no practical application of this principle, in the affairs of the world; no authoritative exposition of its deep and ominous significance; no bold avowal of its ultimate results, even in their most revolting form, by its ablest and most distinguished advocates; still our argument would be conclusive, and it were absurd to exclaim, "Where is the decree of a General Council or acknowledged Bull of a Pope, which teaches persecution as a doctrine of the Church?" for we have proven, that it is a necessary result from this admitted and fundamental doctrine; and surely we do not need a Bull of the Pope, or decree of a General Council, to enable us to see the connexion between the pre-

mises and the conclusion, in an argument—and even the strictest Churchman hath never yet contended, that the Holy Fathers, however infallible in faith, were infallible in logic. But, fortunately for our argument, though unfortunately for the welfare of the race, the conclusions we have drawn from this principle are established as legitimate results, by the authorized interpretation of the Roman Catholic Church, through all her organs; by the open avowal of her most distinguished writers; the public acts of her accredited agents; again and again by the Bulls of Popes and the decrees of General Councils. Passing by all more ancient authorities, I shall direct your attention only to two works of modern times, published, circulated, and read by the authority, and with the sanction of the most enlightened and liberal Prelates in Ireland, in the present century; one a Commentary on the New Testament, the other a standard author in Theology. The work which I hold in my hand is entitled, “The Moral and Dogmatic Theology of the Rev. and Most Learned Lord PETER DENS.” “Printed at Dublin, by Richard Coyne, Chapel street, Printer, and Bookseller to the Roman Catholic College, Maynooth. The second edition, dedicated to the Most Rev. Lord and Father in God, DANIEL MURRAY, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland, and printed with his approbation.” We pass by, for the present, its ineffable pollution, its unfathomable depths of unimaginable filth. I do declare, that there are described in this book, pursued into the most loathsome details, dwelt upon with the most disgusting minuteness, forms, and

modes, and degrees of crime, which I had never heard of, or conceived before, and which, I verily believe, have no existence, except in the polluted imaginations which gloat over them, with such peculiar fondness, or in the deepest and darkest hells of the over-crowded population of European cities. And I offer publicly to any respectable married gentleman of middle age, Protestant or Catholic, who is able to read the Latin language, or who can bring a competent interpreter, that I will show him passages in this system of Moral Theology, so unapproachably, immeasurably, inexpressibly obscene, that he cannot read them, even in a foreign language, and in the presence of a male acquaintance, without a blush for the honor of his race; and his very eyes will turn away with intolerable nausea and disgust from the unfinished page. And if he shall think that my description has surpassed, or even equalled, or that any human description could more than indefinitely approximate the revolting and loathsome reality, then I am willing to be publicly denounced through life, as a maniac or a slanderer. This in passing. But I must hasten to the passages directly bearing on my subject. The first passage which I shall quote gives his views on the subject of toleration, and may be found on the 83d page, vol. 2d. Under the question, whether the rites of Infidels are to be tolerated, after disposing of the Jews, his second answer is in the following words: "The rites of other Infidels, such as Pagans and Heretics, are not in themselves to be tolerated, because they are

so evil, that no truth, nor advantage to the Church, can be derived therefrom."

On the 289 page (same vol.) is found the following language: "Heretics, schismatics, apostates and all other like baptized persons, are bound by the laws of the church, because by their baptism, they are made subjects of the church; nor are they released from her laws more than the rebel subjects of a lawful prince, are released from the laws of that prince." Upon the 88th and 89th pages of the same volume, we find a chapter, with the following title: "Concerning the Punishments of the Crime of Heresy." In answer to the question what are the punishments of the crime of Heresy, he replies, "Notorious heretics are infamous for this very cause itself, and are deprived of Christian burial." "Their temporal goods are for this very cause itself confiscated." "Finally they are also justly afflicted with other corporeal punishments, as exile, imprisonment," &c. But the question is put, "Are Heretics justly punished with death?" This, one might well suppose would bring his orthodoxy at least to a momentary pause. But no! Mother church is familiar with blood. He marches directly up, and boldly grapples with the question, in all its naked horrors, and proves that heretics should be put death from the testimony of St. Thomas, the authority of the Bible, and the decision of the Council of Constance. "St. Thomas answers affirmatively, (that is, that Heretics should be put to death) because falsifiers of the coin are justly punished with death, therefore, likewise Heretics should be put to death, who are falsifiers

of the *Faith*, and all experience being witness, grievously disturb the Republic. It is confirmed by the fact that God, under the old law, commanded false prophets to be slain; and Deut. chap. 17th, v.12th, it is decided that "whosoever shall be proud, unwilling to obey the authority of the Priest, let him die." The same thing is proven from the condemnation of the 14th Art. of John Huss, by the Council of Constance."

The next authority from which I propose to read a few extracts, is the Rhemish Testament, and you will permit me to introduce it with a few prefatory remarks. Concerning Den's Theology, there is no dispute. There it stands before the world, with the Arch Bishop's broad imprimatur, written in blood. Of this Rhemish Testament, there were published in Ireland two editions, one in 1813 and the other in 1818. On the title page of that of 1813 is found the name of the same John Coyne, to whom you have been already introduced, as authorized publisher for the Jesuit College at Maynooth, "by permission of his Grace Dr. Troy, Catholic Lord Primate of Ireland; and under the careful revision of the Rev. A. P. Walsh, Denmark, Hill, Dublin," and on the exterior title page, were the names of all the most distinguished Prelates of Ireland as its avowed and public patrons. This work, published in numbers, was circulated freely throughout Ireland, until some copies falling into the hands of English protestants, drew forth a severe and merited exposure, of its persecuting principles from the public press. It was then, and not till then, in the year 1817, that Dr. Troy dis-

claimed all connection with the publication, and denounced the principles therein avowed. This disavowal, of course, impugned the character of Coyne who publicly exposed the whole disgraceful procedure. I read from a letter dated Parliament street, Oct. 26th, 1817. "On Monday, the 13th instant, your Grace sent me a message, by your servant, requesting to see me at Cavendish-row, at the hour of two o'clock. I had scarcely entered your Grace's apartment, when the very Rev. Dr. Hamill, your Grace's Vicargeneral, and the Rev. Mr. Kenney of Clengours college, appeared. Your Grace then produced, and read a paper, purporting to be an extract from the "British Critic," and containing animadversions on the notes of a late edition of the Catholic Bible, bearing in the title-page the approbation of your Grace. You then observed that you were sure that I had no bad intention in putting your Grace's name to the work; but that very bad consequences had followed—that finding its way into England, it armed our enemies against us, and this at a time when we were seeking emancipation." Upon these remarks, I asked, "Did not your Grace approve and sanction the publication of a Bible by Mr. Macnamara, of Cork?" Your Grace replied, "I did." I then asked, "Did not your Grace depute the Rev. A. P. Walsh, of Denmark street chapel, to revise, correct and approve for publication, in your Grace's name, the said Bible of Macnamara?" Your Grace answered, "I did." Then said I, "My lord, that is the Bible now in your hand." "I never authorized," replied your Grace, "the Rev. Mr. Walsh, to approve a

Bible with Rhemish notes." "Of any private understanding," said I, "between your Grace and Mr. Walsh, I know nothing; but this I know, that Mr. Walsh is accountable for your Grace's approbation, which is now in the title page."

Here then is the truth at last. The Bishop authorized the publication of these notes, not by himself, but by his agent. That is, you are arrested for murder, and protest that you are not guilty, but the instrument you employed. You give a false Bill of Lading, and assert it was not yourself who signed it, but your clerk—by your directions! Might you not better complete the climax of folly, by asserting that it was neither yourself nor your clerk, but the pen which wrote the signature. The motives too which dictated this tardy denunciation by the Archbishop, are sufficiently indicated in the conversation with Coyne; and yet more clearly and decisively expressed in the following language, uttered about the same time by O'Connell. Mr. O'Connell remarked, "He had recently been in England himself; and personal and accurate information, acquired upon the spot, enabled him to state, that if these notes were not denounced, the Member of Parliament who should be hardy enough to support Emancipation in the next session of Parliament, would run a very considerable risk of losing his seat in the House of Commons on the approaching election." But the most instructive, if not amusing, commentary on these indignant denunciations, is to be found in the fact, that at this very moment, a new edition was passing through the press, and issued under the same distinguished patronage, in

1818, the following year. But I will not detain you from the extracts. "The first text I shall read is a note on Matt. 13:29; [Lest perhaps.] The good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong, that it cannot be redressed, without danger and disturbance of the whole church, and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day; otherwise, when ill men, be they heretics, or other malefactors, may be punished or suppressed without disturbance and hazard of the good, they may and ought by public authority, either temporal or spiritual, to be chastised or executed."

The next comment is on Luke 9:55. That is, the passage in which, when our Saviour had been refused assistance by the Samaritans, and James and John asked whether they should call down fire from heaven upon them, he turned and said: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." And here is the note on our Lord's rebuke, verse 55th: [He rebuked them.] "Not Justice, nor all rigorous punishment of sinners is here forbidden, nor Elias's act reprehended, nor the Church, nor Christian princes blamed for putting heretics to death, but that none of these should be done for desire of our particular revenge, or without discretion, and regard to their amendment, and example to others. Therefore, St. Peter used his power upon Ananias and Sapphira, when he struck them both down to death, for defrauding the Church."

The next is a note upon Luke 14:24. Verse 23, [Compel them.] "St. Augustine also referreth this compelling to the penal laws, which Catholic princes do justly use against heretics and schisma-

tics, proving that they who are, by their former profession in baptism, subject to the *Catholic Church*, and are departed from the same after sects, may and ought to be compelled into the unity and society of the *Universal Church*."

The next passage to which I would call your attention is a note on Acts of the Apostles, 25:11, in which St. Paul appeals to Cæsar. "If St. Paul, both to save himself from whipping and from death, sought by the Jews, doubted not to claim succour from the Roman laws, and to appeal to Cæsar, the prince of the Romans, not yet christened, how much more may we call for aid of Christian princes and their laws, for the punishment of heretics, and for the Church's defence against them."—*St. Aug.*, 50. The remaining passage is Rev. 12: 6. "The Protestants foolishly expound it of Rome, for that they put heretics to death, and allow of their punishment in other countries; but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which, by order of Justice, no commonwealth shall answer." But why need I read farther? The whole book is steeped in gore; a perfect Alcedama; one broad blood blotch! so reeking with bloodshed and murder, that O'Connell found it necessary publicly to "denounce its damnable doctrines," (the Archbishop's hardest word for all this treachery and slaughter, is "uncharitable in sentiment,") and had a committee appointed to prepare a denunciation of those Notes. The committee met and adjourned; met again; promised to report; became extinct; dissolved; and no denun-

ciation! These Notes are circulated freely on the Continent; and as late, at least, as 1838, a new edition was published, with the recommendation of the Archbishop of Mechlin, assuring the pious reader that they contain nothing contrary to pure doctrine or sacred morals, as understood in the Catholic Church.

This, then, is the general, almost universal interpretation of the great Doctors of the Church, and it does not in the slightest degree affect the force of my argument to reply, that the Church has never authoritatively sanctioned those doctrines. She has sanctioned the doctrine from which all these necessarily flow, according to the concurrent testimony of her ablest writers, and the practical interpretation of the vast majority of her people. But to allow, is, with her, to sanction. Not to prohibit, is to adopt. Has she ever renounced them? She watches, with closest scrutiny, over all that concerns the doctrine, the morals, the ceremonies, and the discipline of the Church, in every quarter of the globe. With eagle eye she detects every variation from either; and the anathemas of Rome are ever ready to rebuke them. Yet here are two books—only *two*, out of one hundred similar—widely circulated amongst her people, recommended by her Bishops; nay, written by her own most orthodox and distinguished sons, (and thus, for all practical purposes, bearing the highest sanction of the Church); which openly and deliberately inculcate the most flagitious crimes, the darkest treachery, the crueliest massacres—as sacred duties to God and to the Church. Why are they not con-

demned—suppressed? Milton, Bacon, Addison, Locke, Robertson, Hallam—every name that has thrown a lustre over English literature—all that is loftiest in Poetry, profoundest in Philosophy, most instructive in History; nay, our good old English Bible itself, has been marked by the Inquisitors—loaded with the anathemas of Rome, and prohibited as unfit to be read. But here Murder is taught as a duty; Persecution is lauded as a virtue. The baptized sons of the church (sons—though wayward and rebellious) are to be butchered—nay, have been butchered—by thousands in the name of religion. Yet there is no voice of stern rebuke, or deep remonstrance, or mild entreaty from our holy mother. The Doctrine of Butchery circulates—the work of butchery goes on. But the Papal thunders slumber—the Papal Bull is dumb. In the light then of the evidence adduced already this evening, I do not hesitate to charge it upon Rome, that all the blood shed by this infernal principle, is upon her skirts. In the name of those murdered millions, I arraign her to-night before the grand inquest of the nations, and the bar of Eternal Justice, as guilty in the first degree—if not as principal, yet as accessory—as *particeps criminis*, in every case privy before the fact—privy after the fact, and throughout the whole, aiding and abetting by her counsel—shielding by her power and rewarding by her smiles.

But let us proceed to the practical interpretation of this dogma, in the history of the world. I shall not detain you with the horrible details. The broad, general facts are written in letters of blood and fire

upon the page of history, and can never be erased. There they stand, undenied and undeniable; nay, are not the living memorials of these persecutions scattered all over the world, as if Providence had designed that the testimony should be as universal as the crime was appalling; that every mountain might find a tongue, and every valley lift up its voice, and the whole creation cry aloud against this violation of the laws of nature and humanity? I doubt not there are present here, this evening, at least one hundred from among ourselves, who, either in their immediate or remoter ancestors, have suffered from these persecutions; murdered; driven from their homes; their goods confiscated; their houses burned over them at midnight; or in some other form made to suffer the terrible vengeance of this ruthless power. There is not a city in all Protestant Europe, where the exiled Hugonot may not, at this day, be found; and, in this land of ours, what a long and bright array of noble names might I not enumerate this evening,—the Hegers, the Grimkes, the Ramseys, of the South,—not to mention the representatives now living in our own city, of old Hugonot families, whose decapitated names still retain enough to indicate their noble origin, and at least remain a living and abiding type of the sufferings their families endured, when driven into long exile from the fair plains of their own beautiful France, by the savage cruelty of their ferocious persecutors. It hath been calculated that at least fifty millions of human beings have fallen victims to this relentless principle—fifteen hundred thousand Moors and two millions of Jews in Spain

alone. Strike from these numbers as you may, and enough remain to sicken the heart, and curdle the blood with horror. A *Catholic Historian* informs us that, in the Netherlands alone, in thirty-eight years, the number of those who were hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive for *Heresy*, was at least fifty thousand. The Abbe Condilac informs us that, on *St. Bartholomew's night*, seventy thousand were murdered in Paris, while other accounts increase the number to an hundred thousand; and, during the subsequent butcheries, it has been calculated that nine hundred thousand Protestants lost their lives in France, while it is well ascertained, that the Revocation of the *Edict of Nantz* expelled near one million from their homes, almost depopulated some of the most populous cities of Southern France, crippled her manufactures, filled whole regiments of foreign armies with her exiled subjects, and, by a righteous retribution, inflicted upon her national prosperity and power a blow from which she has never since recovered. The Spanish Inquisition, in a period of a little more than three hundred years, punished, in various ways,—imprisonment, torture, death,—from four hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand men. “But why charge upon the *doctrines* of the Church, or upon the *Church* herself, the cruelties inflicted by the civil government, or by the passions of the people, in these different lands?” Grant the truth of the proposition upon which this question is manifestly based, yet it does not in the slightest degree affect my argument. I am now inquiring into the practical effect of this principle upon all

who embrace it—the natural, spontaneous, universal interpretation, by the Priesthood and the People, where other causes do not interfere; and I summon, this night, as witnesses on my behalf, the tens of thousands employed in these persecutions, the millions of their nation who authorized and sustained them in it, the public authorities of the Church, who sanctioned by their approbation, and consecrated with their blessing, the ghosts of those murdered millions in their blood and gore—I summon *all* to testify, that this has been the prevalent, the practical interpretation of the doctrine.

But is not the Church involved directly? Let us see. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew!—a word in which all horrors meet and blend! When Mirabeau would awe down the aspirations of the Priesthood, and of the haughty Aristocracy with whom they were in league, and make the blood of his audience alternately boil with indignation and curdle with horror, he would shake that huge head of his, and fix his fiery eye, and point his uplifted finger to the very window of the Palace from which Charles IX. issued his infernal orders on that bloody night, and, in his deepest tones, would whisper, “St. Bartholomew!”

When the infuriated mob, in the French Revolution, gave in some small proportion to the Priesthood the same chalice of tears of blood which they had so often mingled to the brim for others, and vainly strove to rival for a season the demoniac cruelties which they for centuries had practised, they murmured darkly to each other as they passed, “Remember St. Bartholomew,” “They sang

last night the same Hymn which prepared the massacre of St. Bartholomew," "Remember, remember St. Bartholomew." All the furies of Hell seemed that night to hover over Paris; each several crime that hath stained the annals of our race, brought its own hue of blackness to heighten the accumulated horrors of the scene. Hypocrisy—Treachery—Falsehood—Perjury—Cowardice—Cruelty—Fratricide—Murder—Abused Friendship—Violated Confidence—Broken Oaths—Helpless and Confiding Innocence butchered at the Fireside and the Altar—every crime which God and man abhor—which Religion denounces and Nature shudders at—all were gathered into that single night, and over all was thrown the sanctity of Religion. They celebrated High Mass to prepare them for the work of death. The very bell that calls our childhood to the house of God for prayer on holy days, was tolled as a signal for the Butchery, and the cries of murdered thousands mingled with the voice of fanatic prayer and praise. And how was all this received at Rome? If Paris was drunk with Blood, Rome was still more drunken with Joy. The gray head of the old Admiral Coligny—one of the noblest and bravest men that ever fought for a cowardly and perjured Prince, or died for the rights of conscience—was embalmed in precious spices, and borne (like the head of John the Baptist, on a charger, to Herod and his chief men,) to the great World-Butcher at Rome. The messenger who bore the joyful tidings received a thousand crowns for his reward. The Pope and all his Cardinals

marched in solemn and devout procession to St. Mark, and sang *Te Deum* for the Butchery—

——“Called on God to bless

Damnations’s deeds and works of devilishness.”

Nay, the Pope had a triumphant medal struck, in memory of the event. On the one side was the Pope’s Head, with this inscription written in Latin, “Gregorious XIII. Pontifex Maximus;” and on the other, a Destroying Angel, with the Cross in one hand, and a Sword in the other, slaying the Protestants, and this inscription, “Hugonotorum Strages.” The Slaughter of the Hugonots! Oh, Gregory! Gregory! Thou thirteenth of the name!—why strike that medal to record thine infamy? Did you think it could ever be forgotten? Is it not engraven *here*, deep in the hearts of men? Is it not recorded *there*, high in the Archives of Heaven? Has not the Echo of it gone far and wide over the Earth, and its loud reverberations, as they roll down the waste of centuries, and gather fresh echos from each noble and manly bosom, have they not long since rung the Knell of Papal Supremacy and Papal Power?

But again: The Inquisition! “The cruelties of the Inquisition,” say the apologists of Rome, “have been greatly exaggerated, both as to their number and their enormity; nay, the very secrecy which veiled their proceedings renders it impossible to ascertain the truth of the charges against them.” This is surely the apology of the murderer, who, when arrested for numerous and diabolic deeds of blood, should acknowledge the fact of frequent bloodshed, yet charge the witnesses with perjury

because he did his work at midnight, and no eye but the eye of God had seen the numbers that he slew. But the apology, poor as it is, is not true. God is terrible in his Justice, and the eye which beholds the deeds of darkness, is united with an arm that can rend the veil of secrecy, and drag out hideous crimes to the gaze and the execration of mankind. The French troops twice broke into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and all that imagination had conceived or terror described, or credulity believed—or madness, in its wildest paroxysms, had darkly muttered—was equalled, if not surpassed, by the terrible reality. Four hundred persons were found confined in one, and among them forty females, imprisoned without even a charge of heresy, and for purposes which they shuddered to reveal. “But the *Spanish* Inquisition was not a *Roman* Institution, and the fault lies at the door of the cruel and bigotted civil governors of Spain.” For answer, we would simply inquire, “What was the Inquisition? Was it a civil or ecclesiastical institution? Did it arrest men for treason or for heresy? Who appointed its officers? Who authorized their proceedings? Who threw an impenetrable veil of secrecy over their darkest, bloodiest deeds, and lent to their persons and their office, that awful and mysterious sanction of Religion, which made men speak in whispers, as they approached; and when they heard, even in their most secret retirement, of some new arrest for heresy, made “the boldest hold his breath for a time.” Was it not the Pope? Who alone could visit their dungeons, arrest their sentences and punish their

crimes? The Pope. But, did he? No. The cries of the suffering victims came to Rome, and it was music to his ears; the smoke of burning hetacombs was wafted to the Palace of St. Peter, and was a sweet savor in his nostrils. It is the nature of all beasts of prey, that the sight or taste of blood converts desire into uncontrollable fury. So it was with Pope Paul the Third. He could no longer yield to the Spanish monks, tho exclusive enjoyment of torture. He removed the Inquisition to Rome—proclaimed himself chief Inquisitor for all the world. He claimed a monopoly in blood—took out a patent right for murder—to do it at the shortest notice—on the slightest pretexts, in the most terrific forms, and after the Godliest fashion, with saintly processions and solemn sighs and groans, and all the imagery of terror; that thus the sufferings of the sinner here might be a lively and edifying type of the horrors of the damned. What shall we say of the persecuting civil government now? Behold, here it is at Rome, the centre of unity—where all civil and ecclesiastical power are happily united in the chair of St. Peter, and divine infallibility guides and harmonizes all. Was it not *HERE—in Rome*, that Galileo was arraigned—tried—convicted, and by a decision, in which brutal ignorance was blended with savage barbarity, condemned to the dungeons of the Inquisition? And for what? For teaching that men might murder their neighbors, on account of heresy? For any violation of faith or morals? No!—For daring to interpret God's works, as Luther did his word, and teaching that the Earth was not the centre of

the Universe, but revolves around the Sun! Here it is easy to perceive how the central error of the Papal System necessarily extends its influence over all earthly interests, and rears its gigantic form, clothed with terror and dripping with blood, directly in the pathway of all human improvement—of all free inquiry and independent action, in Science and Government, as well as in Religion.

The length of our preceding remarks will require us to pass with great rapidity over that portion of our subject which still remains to be considered. We can not pause even to mention the various Papal Bulls, in which his Holiness has condescended to consign, with the most hideous curses, various obnoxious individuals to eternal torments. You all remember, that he has extended, again and again, (in the Bull, "*In Coenam Domini*," for instance, which is repeated publicly every year at Rome) the same awful execration against the whole Protestant World. He has pursued us with his curses to the remotest quarters of the Globe—as far as the reverberations of the Papal thunders reach. He has cursed us, in every article and particle of the man—most scientifically, most psychologically, most anatomically. In every limb of the body, and every faculty of the soul; in every bone, muscle, sinew, tendon, joint, ligament; in every nerve, vein, artery, gland, fibre, tissue; in every organ, and in every function of each organ; cursed us from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; cursed us through time; and through all eternity cursed us; a curse so ferocious in the spirit which it breathes, so wildly terrible in its frantic

exaggerations, that even Grecian Tragedy, in the boldest efforts of creative genius, when she would pourtray human passion, stung to superhuman rage by the avenging furies, has nothing half so horrible. These Bulls of the Popes, when not rejected by the Church, are admitted to be the authorized exposition of her principles.

Of the Councils to which I might refer in confirmation of these views, I shall notice only the fourth Lateran Council, and that which met at Constance. Concerning both of these, it was admitted by Dr. Crotty, on oath before a committee of the House of Commons, that they had passed persecuting edicts. It is admitted, *on all hands*, that *at Constance* John Huss was tried and burned *for heresy*, and *this* in violation of the Emperor's safe conduct, or written imperial promise that he should not be injured. But say our Papal adversaries, "The Council only condemned him—it was the Emperor who burned him." Grant the truth of the apology, and to what does it amount? That the Emperor was executioner for the Council! It is the difference between the guilt of the Judge who unjustly condemns, and that of the Sheriff who executes the judgment! Did not the Council declare the safe conduct of the Emperor *void*? Void as to what? Surely as to the purpose for which it *was given*. And what was this purpose? Not to prevent an investigation of his doctrines; (it was to *insure this* that the safe conduct was given;) but to save his life. In declaring the safe conduct void, therefore they declared that his life must be taken. This simple reasoning from the acknow-

ledged facts, involves the Council in all the guilt of his murder. But we are not left to inference on this point. There is a subsequent decree of the same Council, in which they deliberately assume the whole guilt of that perfidious and cruel transaction, and brand every man as a heretic and traitor who disapproves any part of the procedure. It seems there was a murmur of indignation and horror through the crowd—and men whispered darkly to each other that the Emperor's safe conduct to John Huss had been basely violated. After reciting these facts, the Council proceed to say: "Yet the aforesaid John Huss, by his pertinacious opposition to the orthodox faith, had rendered himself incapable of any safe conduct or privilege; nor could any faith or promise be observed with him, by any law, natural, divine or human, in prejudice of the Catholic Faith: therefore, the aforesaid Holy Synod, by the tenor of these presents, declares that the aforesaid invincible Prince did what was lawful, and what became his royal majesty, respecting the said John Huss, notwithstanding the above mentioned safe conduct, and decrees and ordains for each and every true Christian, that hereafter no one shall detract or speak injuriously of the Sacred Council, or his royal majesty, concerning the transactions, in relation to the said John Huss. But whoever shall do to the contrary, let him be punished WITHOUT MERCY, as a favorer of heretical pravity, and guilty of treason."

We shall now give you the persecuting decrees of the fourth Lateran Council, not in the revolting language of the original, but as softened, palliated

and veiled over by the ingenious plausibility of Bishop England: "We now come," says his Grace, "to examine what are called the persecuting laws of our Church."

"In the year 1215, at the Council of Lateran, certain heresies were condemned by the first canon.

"In its third canon it excommunicates those heretics, and declares them to be separated from the body of the church. Then follows a direction, that the heretics so condemned are to be given up to the secular powers, or to their bailiffs, to be duly punished. This direction continues to require of all bishops and others having authority, to make due search within their several districts for those heretics, and if they will not be induced to retract their errors, desires that they should be delivered over to be punished. There is an injunction then to all temporal lords to cleanse their dominions by exterminating those heretics: and if they will not, within a year from having been so admonished by the church, cleanse their lands of *this heretical filth*, they shall be deprived if they have superior lords, and if they be superior lords and be negligent, it shall be the duty of the metropolitan and his provincial bishops to excommunicate them, and if any one of those lords paramount so excommunicated for this negligence shall continue during twelve months under the excommunication, the metropolitan shall certify the same to the pope, who, finding admonition useless, shall depose this prince, and absolve his subjects from their oaths of fealty, and deliver the territory over to Catholics, and who having exterminated the heretics shall remain in peaceable possession."

In defence of this barbarous edict, by which whole districts were consigned to fire and sword, for no other reason *given*, but the crime of heresy, his Grace urges, First, that the Council had no right, human or divine, to pass it. Strange absurdity, indeed! Why, this is the very charge we bring against it! Would it not have better suited his

purpose to prove that they had an undoubted right, and only erred in the mode of exercising it?

Secondly, That it was designed only to murder *these especial heretics*, and not extended unto all. But is not this the nature of every iniquitous decision, that it affects only those *whom it does affect*? Besides, do numbers affect principles? Has Right, political or moral, become a matter of arithmetical calculation? If Albigenses and Waldenses may be robbed and murdered for heresy, why not Arminians, Lutherans, Calvinists?

Thirdly, That this was a decision of the Laymen present, and not of the Infallible Council. Answer. First—It is a mere conjecture at best, and does not profess to rest on any historical basis. Second—It is contradicted by the Record, which gives it as a canon of the Council; as such, it is quoted by Bishop England himself; and this record, so slanderous, if false, has never been disclaimed or suppressed by the Roman Church; but, at the bar of public opinion, she hath suffered judgment to go against her, by default, upon documents which, according to this statement, are *forged*—and whether *forged* or genuine, need only to be authoritatively disclaimed. But, Fourth: He boldly asserts (with the approbation of Bishops Purcell and Hughes,) that, by whomsoever issued, the decree, in itself, is right. “I may, however, be permitted to say, that, in my opinion, the existence of civilized society required its enactment.” Look back, now, at the atrocious requirements of this decree, and then ask yourself, Where was this audacious avowal made? Was it in some remote cor-

ner of the land, where the light of knowledge seldom and slowly penetrates? Was it whispered under the seal of the Confessional? Was it muttered, under the influence of high excitement, in one of those armed forts, which they have manned with a foreign soldiery, in our own streets, to shoot our own citizens? No; it was uttered in the broad light of day, by one of the most distinguished Prelates of the Church, in the presence of the Senators and Representatives of these United States, in the Hall of Representatives assembled, and with the admiring applause of these faithful guardians of the public liberties.

And what is the pretext for this unparalleled atrocity, which thus, in the *nineteenth* century, endorses the darkest and bloodiest deeds of the Middle Ages—the wholesale butchery of defenceless thousands? The reason might almost excite a smile upon the cheek of terror. It is, that they were UNCOMMON HERETICS—*extremely heretical, indeed*—that they rejected marriage, as the Priests do themselves, and were Manicheans—one branch in fine, of that old Gnostic school, from whose eastern philosophy sprang the whole Monkish System, with its convents and nunneries, and half the follies which Popery has substituted for the Gospel. But the pretext, foolish as it is, is worse than foolish. It is absolutely false—false as the purpose for which it was invented is execrable.—There never lived, since the days of the Apostles—unless, perhaps, we may except our Puritan fathers—there never breathed upon the face of the earth, which they blessed with their presence—a

holier, purer, more religious race. They had the Bible in their memories, which they dared not keep in their houses—their very women and children refuted Bishops by quoting at pleasure from God's word—and I could recite this evening, for an hour in your hearing, whole passages from Catholic writers, attesting the spotless innocence of this butchered and then slandered people. But these have ever been the tactics of persecution—first, to murder and then to slander—to destroy one's goods, and then his character. The wolf, when he would devour the lamb, charged the latter with polluting the stream which he had himself defiled. The serpent, before he swallows his prey, covers over with his own filthy slime, the crushed limbs of the victim which he hath strangled with his folds. Nay, it is curious to remark, that the most enormous crimes ever hinted against these innocent followers of Christ, as a pretext for this wholesale butchery, are borrowed from the ancient accusations, made against the early Christians, by their heathen persecutors. "Those Christians are atheists and despisers of the gods," said the Priest—"And enemies of Cæsar," cried the magistrate. "In their midnight assemblies, are exhibited scenes of licentiousness, at which the day would blush"—exclaims one. "And in their hellish orgies, they devour young children, and swear horrid oaths as they drink their young blood," replies another. "Yes, and I saw it," swears a third. "Away with such men from the face of the earth," cry all together—"the good of society requires their destruction."

And now, "Watchman! what of the night?" Shall this doctrine of darkness once more overspread the globe? Shall this colossal tyranny once more tread down the nations beneath its ponderous footsteps, crushing the rights of conscience, stifling all freedom of inquiry, and bringing back "the reign of Night, and Night's daughter, Ignorance?" We answer, earnestly, solemnly, with deep conviction, with calm yet firm assurance, NO. In the name of Humanity and Religion; in the name of Outraged Reason and Violated Rights; in the name of our dead Fathers, and our unborn Children; in the name of God, our Creator, and of the whole Human Race, our brethren, we answer, NO. From the Heavens and from the Earth; from the distant Past; from the hopeful Present; from the depths of the unfathomable Future; from the graves of martyred millions; from every field where Freedom hath been cloven down, or Tyranny hath erected her trophies; where Religion has had her martyrs, or Bigotry hath offered up her victims, Old History lifts up her warning voice, and Prophecy utters her awful denunciations, and angelic voices mingle with the Jubilee of Earth, as the loud response comes sweeping over land and sea, like the roar of many waters—like the peal of ten thousand thunders—NO. "BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN—FALLEN—FALLEN!"

True—there is a momentary revival—a terrible death-struggle. A violent rush of the accumulated blood from the convulsed heart to the remotest extremities. *It is the way of all Superstitions—they die hard.* The expiring lamp blazes up bright-

ly, in its socket, before it is extinguished forever. The dying giant lifts himself fiercely on his couch—looks wildly around in his fury—starts to his feet, brandishes once more his brawny limbs, and sinks down with a groan. *It was the energy of spasm, and not of healthy life.* The old heathen Superstition died *just so*; its hands red with Christian blood. A spasmodic revival after a long decline—*apparently* vigorous to the last. So well does the hectic of decay sometimes mimic the bloom of youth—and the mad energy of incurable disease and approaching dissolution, often surpass, for a season, the mightiest efforts of heroic courage and manly strength!

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